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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE THANK-OFFERING.

Overbeck, the Forest Preacher,
Bent his silvered head:
"Harvest yields for every creature
Food in store," he said.

"Ye that know your Lord is living,
Witnessing His grace,
Heap your tithes of all His giving
Round His altar-place."

Ere November breezes blowing
Bared the silver Birch,
Harvest plenty overflowing
Filled the little church.

Farmer folk in pleasant parley
Praised the crops they'd reared—
Dirck Van Brunt his sheaves of barley
Yellow as his beard.

Peter Smit his orchard's bounty;
Boastful Gert von Horn
Swore no crops in all the country
Matched with his for corn.

Housewives showed in oaken caskets
Butter firm and good.
Children brought in birchen baskets
Nuts of copse and wood.

All was set before the altar:
When from o'er the moor
Crept the widow, Gretel Balter,
Wrinkled bent and poor.

"She that earns with all her labors
Scant enough to live,
Helped and clothed by kindly neigh-
bors—
What hath she to give?"

"Come behold the window's treasure!"
All the world drew near.
Just a little earthen measure
Filled with water clear.

Just an earthen cruse! Upon it
Writ in letters plain—
Yea, and all the world might con it—
"God be thanked for rain."

Overbeck, the Forest Preacher,
Raised his noble head:
"She not I shall be your teacher,
O my friends," he said.

"What are treasures proudly tendered?
Dross before His throne.
Humble offering humbly rendered?
Loveth God alone."

—*Youth's Companion.*

THANKFUL

By Jacqueline H. Eaton and Rose M. Cody

"Thankful, Thankful!" The pleasant voice saying the words with a slightly rising inflection made almost a question of the summons, "Thankful?"

The call floated up the stairway and finally reached the consciousness of the sleeping girl, who, turning on her pillow, drowsily answered, "Yes, mother." Presently her eyes opened wide, but as they fell upon the white wall of her little room she shut them again with a sharp scowl and flung an arm across her face, as if she were trying to shut out more than the California sunshine.

"Come, child—breakfast!"

Thankful rose from the bed and crossed the room to the cretonne-covered, redwood washstand. The cool water brought no answering glow to her face, and she shook out and brushed her heavy braids with angry fingers. Her eyes traveled from the sullen girl in the glass to an illuminated card that her mother had hung on her bedroom wall a few days before, and rested directly on the words, "Call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts." Almost spitefully she reached out and turned the card face to the wall; then, with a mirthless little laugh that broke to a sob, she threw herself upon the bed.

"Thankful! Why did they call me Thankful? It might much better have been Dolores," she whispered brokenly. "What is there in all this to make me thankful?"

It was a pale girl, with a listless manner and with circles under her eyes, that took her belated place at the table. Breakfast was laid in the sunny bay window of the living room of the tiny bungalow. On Thankful's napkin lay early wild violets, warm yellow, splashed with brown, but they brought only a perfunctory acknowledgment, and Mrs. Grey studied her daughter's downcast face in silence. There was no criticism behind the loving eyes—only questioning, and sorrow for youthful turbulence and a desire to guide the girl through it into tranquility.

The troubled scrutiny was broken by Mr. Grey's cheery voice as he appeared in the doorway.

"Thought I'd just run across the lot for a second breakfast and a word with the folks. Got any coffee left?" His upright figure, in his carpenter's overalls, showed vigorous lines against the bright back-

ground, and his flushed face was full of happiness. Everything's going so fine on the job I couldn't enjoy it enough all by myself, so I ran over to share it. Can't you hear the hammers plain?—the rain's made the air so clear. They're busy as woodpeckers I've put two more men on today, and another week ought to see us through. If it keeps on like this, there'll be a good profit on the contract, enough for some extra fixings for this little lady, perhaps!"

With a boyish laugh he stretched on this hand across the table toward Thankful.

The girl did not glance at the hand, but she knew exactly how it looked. It was brown and broad and the knuckles were roughened by the spring winds. A redwood splinter had made trouble with one finger, and it was wrapped in a bandage. Bussing herself with her cup and spoon, Thankful managed not to see that outstretched hand.

The glow faded a little from her father's face, but as he rose to go back to work he stopped to pat her shoulder.

"Pretty fine day, my girl," he said. "Things are going well."

He strode off, whistling through the brilliant, rain-washed morning, but Thankful's smile and answering wave of the hand were absent-minded and her eyes followed him with a sullen look. When she turned back, her mother's clear gaze held her rebellious one fast.

"Is it something mother can help about, child?"

Thankful shook her head.

"But she can hear about it?"

Again the girl shook her head. "Then it's something very strange and different, Thankful. We've gone all the way together, your whole life, till now."

The loving tone melted Thankful's mood. Down went her head, child fashion, in the crook of her arm, among the blue dishes, and with the tears came a rush of words.

"I know I'm hateful, mother but I'm so sick of all this—the way everything is. I loathe being poor, and father's being just a workman, and this squeeze bungalow—and washing dishes—and cotton stockings—and last year's hat trimmed over—and nothing different ahead. And what sort of brought the whole thing to a head was Margaret's telling me last night that she was going to Japan after commencement—all the family's going, and she asked me—"Thankful's voice rose to a wail—she asked me to write her a steamer letter!"

Mrs. Grey looked more pained and bewildered at such an outburst.

"But why!"

"Oh, don't you see? Almost every girl I know has gone East, or to Honolulu, or somewhere, and I've had to stick at home, and write them train and steamer letters. It's worse, now it's Margaret! We've done everything together from third grade up, ever since we came out here, and now she's going away and then to college, and I'm to poke here all through the hot summer, and then teach some stupid foothill school—Oh, it isn't fair!"

With loving patience Mrs. Grey quieted the sobs that shook the girl. The mother spoke evenly of the good things that the years had brought them in the West—of her own restored health; of the splendid, golden days that had brought the child into vigorous young womanhood; of the respect that the townspeople had for her father and for his honest workmanship; of the rose-crowned bungalow on which they had just made their last payment; of the prospect of well-paid work in the little houses springing up in the valley and in the foothills; of the girl's fine standing at high school, where her course was now so nearly completed; and finally of their happy home circle.

Whatever impression the recital made on Thankful, it at least gave her time to calm herself, and when her mother finished, she gave a final dab at her eyes with her damp wand of a handkerchief and squared her shoulders.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I'll be good now, mother, and try to behave like a dutiful, thankful girl for months! I'll do these dishes, while you go out and sit in the sunshine and warm up. You look all blue and pinched after my tantrum."

As Thankful washed and wiped the hated dishes, Mrs. Grey, instead of sitting in the sunshine as her daughter had ordered her to do, counted and made dainty bundles of the napkins on which she had exquisitely embroidered initials for Margaret's mother, Mrs. Mason. She had been Mrs. Grey's girlhood friend in the East, before her marriage to a wealthy Californian had put the continent between her and the New England teacher who had chosen the sturdy carpenter.

When the Greys sought the aid of California for a doubtful little cough of the young mother, they settled in the small city of which Mr. Mason was the foremost citizen. The Grey's cosy bungalow stood just over the hill from the picturesque Spanish house of the Masons.

Mrs. Grey's needle had earned many little luxuries that Thankful would otherwise have missed, and many of the orders came from Mrs. Mason.

"Thankful, I've finished Mrs. Mason's linen; don't you want to take it over to her? The walk will do you good."

Thankful tried to answer cheerfully, but her thoughts said, "Why should my mother prick her fingers and tire her eyes over stitches for Mrs. Mason? She's every bit as fine, and as well educated. It's just accident that their positions are not reversed. I might just as well be in Margaret's place, too. How I wish I were!"

As she walked over the hill with the packages of napkins, the recollection pressed upon her of the stroll home from school with Margaret the night before.

The rain had ceased, and the mountains had loomed up so darkly blue that it seemed as if you could have reached out and brushed the wisps of mist from their indigo shoulders. Arm in arm, the girls had loitered, chatting happily, until Margaret's announcement of their summer plans fell into Thankful's heart like a stone. They stopped at Margaret's house for an hour of study together, and the luxurious rooms, looking out on the stately patio with its fountain and roses, had failed to awaken the usual response in Thankful's beauty-loving heart.

"The cost of that one rug would buy just about every stick in our house," she said to herself bitterly as they made their way to the library.

There they found Mr. Mason, with his fine gray head in relief against the high Spanish chair back and his newspaper spread out between his hands. It was those hands that made Thankful pause an instant in the doorway. Long, slim, perfectly cared for, they raised the paper to the light of the rose-shaded lamp. A band of wrought silver held a scarab against one smooth finger. The bitter contrast between her father's hand and that hand smote Thankful's heart.

That was the picture that had flashed into her rebellious mind at breakfast and that had spoiled her pleasure in her father's caress.

The recollection of it accompanied her this morning to the Mason's door, where the Japanese butler told her that the ladies were out. He took the packages and handed her a note that Mrs. Mason had left for her.

Thankful tucked the note, which was addressed to her mother, into her trim belt for safe-keeping.

"Probably it's the check," she thought, with resentment.

She had reached the arroyo at the foot of the hill that separated the two houses and was kicking the pebbles and sand sullenly before her, when she abruptly halted and said aloud in the stillness:

"Now, see here you un-Thankful Grey, you and I may as well have this thing out, right here and now!"

She selected a place in the warm sand at the edge of the riverbed, leaned her back against a cottonwood tree, closed her eyes and sat very relaxed and still.

The March sun drew the fragrance from the sagebrush and the pepper berries and the eucalyptus trees, and the soft March breeze gathered them and wafted them to her. In some distant oaks a host of meadow larks and wild canaries were making exquisite music, and in the very top of the tree above her head a mocking bird was singing from his ecstatic

heart. With her ears full of their music, she opened her eyes to the shimmering tans and gray of the arroyo, the silver of the little stream, the first golden-green film over the grainfields and the blue of the eternal hills.

And at last she said, in a voice that was as calm as her mother's own:

"There, had child, you've wiped all the bitterness off your soul, and left it just a nice, clean blank. Now, what shall we write on it? First, and very large: I'm thankful for my father and mother, for their deep-down goodness and realness and ability; and for—yes, father's work. Father has a something that lots of rich men have missed. I'm thankful for all they've done to give me an education, and to make nice friends for me, and that the mortgage is paid off and the bungalow is really ours—it's a darling, if it is small. I'm thankful that I have the promise of a school to teach, and that Margaret is going to have such a nice summer. I'm thankful—no, I can't say that—"

"Yes, you can, Miss T. Grey—you just hold on tight a minute and see—"

She shut her eyes again, drew some deep breaths of the balmy air, then, making her hands into fists, she said very fast:

"I'm thankful that Margaret likes me well enough to want me to write her a steamer letter!"

Jumping up, she shook the sand from her neat chambray skirt and threw a kiss to the mocking bird that was still trilling against the blue sky.

"We feel exactly alike, old fellow! No more sulks for Thankful!"

A great wave of tenderness washed over her heart. She climbed the hill with springing steps, and as she hurried on she found herself humming softly:

For over the hill is home—my home!
Welcome and peace and rest;
And I hastened on to its shady door,
As the bird flies to—

The song died on her lips and her heart skipped several beats sickeningly. She had topped the rise and was looking down on the bungalow. The yard was full of people, and furniture was set crazily about under the pepper trees. Disaster was in the very air. As she ran pantingly, a well-meaning neighbor came to meet her.

"You poor lamb!" she said. "Isn't it just awful! But don't take on—try to keep cool for you!"

Thankful shook off the neighbor's grasp and ran on through the cluttered dooryard into a room where the odor of burning cloth and wood lingered acridly.

"Mother!" she gasped, pushing through a group about the sofa.

"Why, Thankful, child, don't look so white! Mother's all right."

At the familiar voice, weak but cheerful, Thankful wavered in sudden faintness and would have fallen, but that a muscular arm caught her.

"O father!" she cried. Then she noticed that his hand was done up in bandages. "Oh, your poor, blessed hand—oh, what—"

"Nothing, Thankful, nothing at all," said her father. "When mother lighted the gasoline stove to get lunch, something went wrong. I screamed for me,—thank heaven I heard her first call!—and I came running in time to beat out the fire before it did more than burn her apron and dress. The boys set the furniture in the yard, for we were afraid the place would go; but we kept it to the kitchen, and there's not much damage done. Mother's only shocked and tired, and my hands will heal in no time."

It was sunset before the house was in its accustomed order and the busy girl had time to run up to her room to freshen herself for the supper that kind neighbors had sent in. As she crossed the threshold, a spray of peach blossoms caught her attention. The Stevenson card had been restored to its place, and, tucked behind it, the flowering branch bloomed sweetly.

"Isn't that just like mother!" murmured Thankful. "These little flower messages of hers are worth a bushel of talk."

As she unfastened her blouse, Mrs. Mason's forgotten letter slipped to the floor. She picked it up, with an exclamation at her forgetfulness,

and ran downstairs with the letter in her hand.

"A note for you, mother," she said, "but no wonder I forgot it. If she wants you to embroider any more linen, you will have to teach me how to do it."

Mrs. Grey dropped into a chair by the west window and, with her fine profile in silhouette against the primrose sky, read the letter aloud:

"Priscilla Dear. You have always done kind things for me, from the old Connecticut days when you helped me with my sums and shared your gingerbread with me, up to that supreme moment when Margaret had diphtheria and you alone of all the town came to help me care for her. Now, will you do one more thing for me? Will you lend me your daughter for the summer? The trip will mean so much more to Margaret if she has another girl with her, to say nothing of the pleasure Thankful's happy presence would give us grown-ups. May she go."

Mrs. Grey looked up with shining eyes to see a curiously quiet Thankful.

"Isn't wonderful, daughter?" she said, in a low voice.

"Yes, mother, it's wonderful—but it can't compare with the happiness I'm going to have here with you and father this summer. I know now there's nothing in all the wide world I want so much as you two, and this dear house that didn't burn down, and I am going to hang right on to that happiness with one hand and try to give some of it back with the other—if you know what I'm trying to say. Not one inch will I go! I've got a lot of lost time to make up."

Her father's strong face lighted and his clumsy, bandaged hand moved toward her. Perched on the arm of his chair, she patted the roll of cotton cautiously, as she murmured:

"Poor, dear hands!"

With a sigh Mrs. Grey laid the letter down.

"Well, I'm sorry you don't see your way clear to going, for I don't know just what I shall do with you this summer."

"Don't know what to do with me?" Thankful was bewildered.

"Yes, your father and I have an invitation in which you are not included. Mrs. Mason wants me to keep their Del Monte place open for her mother, and they wish to consult your father about doing some rebuilding there while they are gone, but you seem, rather in the way of our accepting."

Her quizzical smile softened as Thankful dropped on her knees beside her.

"Oh, if she means that, too! But would it be right? Could I?"

"Not another word, child. Of course you're going! It's the loveliest plan I ever heard of."

"Wouldn't such a trip help in your teaching, Thankful?" her father asked shrewdly. "Couldn't you make geography more interesting to the youngsters if you had seen the places you'll talk about?"

"Oh, yes, and English, too, and art and, oh—everything! It's a chance—but, mother, you'll need me—you know you will. And think of clothes—"

"Ha, that's where I come in!" Mr. Grey chuckled happily. "Didn't I tell you this morning that there would be a little money for extra fixings?"

"You darlings both of you!" Thankful's voice broke. "I don't deserve it—I don't one bit! But if I do take it—if I do—you'll see how much I'll try to deserve it after this. Oh, I am so thankful—thankful—thankful—thankful!"

The brown head went down on her mother's knee, and the shadowy room was very dull. Suddenly Thankful lifted a glowing face. Winking off two big tears, she laughed roguishly.

"O mother, I've just thought of something!" she cried, delighted with her idea. "You will have to write me a steamer letter!"—*Youth's Companion.*

RELIGIOUS NOTICE

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.

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GALLAUDET HOME, WAPPINGERS FALLS, NEW YORK.

On the sunny morning of the 5th of last September, a motor car bearing four persons stopped in front of the portico and its passengers got out. They were Mr. and Mrs. Goodenough and their daughter, Pearl, and son, who were from Elm Hurst, L. I., and who were on their way to visit some place further up the Hudson, and had stopped here simply to see Mrs. Hattie Tobin. Mrs. Goodenough is a niece of Mrs. Tobin. After being here for about an hour, the visitors went on their journey. At 2:30 p.m., on the 12th of October, Mrs. Hattie Tobin, after being confined to her bed for only a day and a half, passed away quietly. Had she lived until the 12th of November next, she would be eighty-one years of age. She came here to live on the 27th of May, 1924. Rev. John H. Kent delivered the funeral service at 2:30 p.m. on the 15th of October. Mrs. G. Moore, the only sister of the deceased, came all the way from Trenton, N. J., where she resides, along with her good friend, Mrs. Powers, to be present at the service. Mrs. Hattie Beers, a cousin of Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Myra Blanchard, a daughter of Mrs. Beers, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. William Beers, all of Middletown, N. Y., were also present at the service. Rev. Kent officiated orally as well as by signs for the benefit of such hearing persons as happened to be present. On the casket rested a magnificent wreath of white and pink roses. It was purchased by the members of the family, inmates, servants, domestics, and all. Mrs. Beers brought an equally magnificent wreath. Just as the service was over and the remains of the departed one were about to be taken over to the cemetery for interment, a lady made her appearance in the doorway of the chapel. Because she had missed a train, she was behind time, but just in the nick of time to have a last look at the face of the deceased. She was Mrs. Goodenough. Mrs. Blanchard took the visitors over to the cemetery in her motor car, where they listened to Rev. Kent read the customary prayer. And so Mrs. Tobin is now at rest! She had no wish to live a long life. Heart failure and other infirmities, and old age were the cause of her death.

Rev. Merrill was here on the 10th of September. On the 12th of September J. H. Caton left here for Scranton, Pa., and returned on the 18th of October. On the day he left here Mrs. Redmond returned from a five weeks visit in the metropolitan and elsewhere.

Mr. Geo. Bristol left here on the 18th of September to visit old friends up the state and returned on the 2d of October.

Dr. Louis C. Wood, for ten years the family doctor of this home, passed away on the 21st of September.

Mrs. Catherine Leary, who left here for Byron, N. Y., to spend the summer with her only sister, Sarah, returned on the 24th of September. She enjoyed herself while away immensely.

Rev. J. H. Kent came up here to see us on the 26th of September, a few days after his return from England. We were glad to see him back.

On the morning of the 1st of October, Barbara Johnston, who had been assistant matron here for the past seventeen years, and who was eighty-three years of age last birthday, left here for good. Mrs. K. M. Jones, who has been matron of the Home for the past twenty-one years, resigned her place in September, but is still here. When she will leave is a question. Her niece, and Miss Kate Martin is in her place, and Miss Martin's intimate friend, Miss Lulu Allen, is assistant matron.

The young lady, Newark Public School teacher, who visited Freedman's Hotel for the week-end, on October 10th, made her appearance here for just a little while to see Dick Clinton.

Mr. L. N. Soper found himself face to face with his seventy-fifth milestone on the morning of October 8th. He is still fairly well and able to do a little work in the shop each day. He has made several trellises for Miss Martin's vines or creeping plants.

Miss Martin orders Old Glory to be raised at the proper hour, eight o'clock a.m. She is as patriotic and loyal as

was old Barbara Freitchie, who, as Whittier tells us in these lines:

"She took up the flag the men hauled down.
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet."

The new inmate, Mr. James Grant does not believe that he should be idle all the time. He therefore does such work as janitor Bergen has no time to do or cannot do. Every morning he cleans out the men's sitting-room and other rooms on the ground floor. He has varnished the chairs and table in the men's sitting-room, and now they bear a new and cheerful appearance. He has also varnished the table in the ladies' sitting-room. He has done similar kinds of jobs. Miss Martin and are pleased with his work.

Helen and Lena Williams, sisters, of New Hamburg, came here on the 1st of October to work. Helen is waitress, and Lena chambermaid. Both girls are very active and like their work.

STANLEY.

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Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.
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Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.
Other Places by Appointments.

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Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:00 P.M.
Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.
Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P.M.

Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.
You are cordially invited and urged to attend. Tell and bring your friends.

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EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue), is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A FEW days ago, we came upon the following in one of the New York daily newspapers:

CARLIN—At East River, Conn., November 11th, 1925, after a lingering illness, Frances Seward Carlin, daughter of the late John and Mary Carlin, of New York City, Funeral services at her home on Friday, November 13th, at 2 P.M.—Herald-Tribune, Nov. 12.

This announcement begets a flood of recollections of John Carlin and his very amiable wife of fifty years ago.

Fanny Carlin was particularly devoted to her parents in these years, when their heads were whitened by the hand of Time.

She was an artist, like her father, but did not possess her father's genius.

John Carlin was a leader in the deaf world in his day and generation. He was not only a good sign maker, who charmed by his eloquence and grace, but also could write fluently and forcefully. His poetry was not mere jingle, but fine and euphonious. Perhaps his best poem was called "The Mute's Lament," but he wrote others of merit and popularity.

It was as an artist that he excelled, and in New York he had a studio from which fine canvasses came. One of his greatest works, in oil, was quite a large and wonderful creation, called "The Last Days of Pompeii," showing that city in flames from the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and the multitude fleeing towards the gates for safety.

John Carlin was educated at the New York Institution (Fanwood), and did great credit to his Alma Mater. One of his oil paintings, entitled "The Money Changers in the Temple," is in the possession of the Institution and adorns the rotunda of the Main Building.

He it was who designed the bas relief of the Gallaudet monument at Hartford in 1854. It represents Gallaudet seated teaching a little girl the manual alphabet, while in the group, are two little boys, one busy with a slate and the other looking on.

Besides being of an artistic temperament, Mr. Carlin was endowed with rare judgment. He was devoted to the welfare of the deaf, and was an enthusiastic backer of Edward Miner Gallaudet in his early efforts to establish a college for their higher education. He was the first deaf person to receive an honorary degree from the National Deaf-Mute College (now Gallaudet College)—the degree of Master of Arts, in the year 1864.

So, on the death of "Fannie" Carlin, we look back to the days long since passed away, when the deaf were well educated, capable and happy, and enjoyed good sign-making without feeling that they must apologize for the language of gesture—the language of the heart and head—the universal language.

CHICAGO.

Do ye fear the spectre of years approaching,
And the dread distress of the days of doom?
Do ye hate to think of old age encroaching—
And a hard, cold cot, in a bleak cold room,
When the zest of your youth has gone forever,
And your old limbs drag and your sight grows dim?
Ah, glorious Youth that returneth never
The old, gold days of each Her and Him!

Do ye fear the fate that is waiting, waiting,
Do ye shudder and shake and shiver with shame?
When gone are the days of mirth and mating
And each long year is the same—so same?
Then come to our ball on the twelfth of December,
Come with a zest, wherever ye roam;
For ye also will grow old, remember,
And ye will be glad of our Aged Deaf Home!

Are you going to turn out for the first grand Federated Charity Ball—benefit of the Illinois Home for Aged Deaf—at the Silent A. C., December 12th? This is going to be a refined and cultured affair, with admission \$1 each person. Chairman Max Himmelstein has selected at least one leader from each club and organization in Chicago silentdom, on his staff, and every club is expected to "do its bit" for sweet charity. Evening dress is preferred—but if you have no evening togs, come anyway. One corner of the reception room will be converted into a bazaar-booth, for the benefit of Christmas shoppers.

Mrs. Blanche Williams, the brightest colored leader in Chicago—if not in America—is now said to be teaching school in Texas. The colored club she founded here has had the same internal squabbles as the white-folks clubs. The Northern negroes, being better educated, want the whip-hand. They claim that in all Southern schools the education of the negroes is retarded or slighted owing to race prejudice, while in the North no real discrimination is shown in our State Schools for the Deaf.

The tenth annual masquerade ball of the Central Oral Club—the first they have held at the Sac, previous balls having been held in hearing halls—November 7th, saw a crowd of 200. A disappointingly small number masked. Results: First, Robert Harding, negro, \$4; second, Johanna Cozyurinsky, chink, \$3; third, Pearl Thomas and Bernice Klein, "Gold Dust Twins," \$2; fourth, J. Meagher and Andy Knauf, giraffe, \$1.

Chairman Louis Ruskin made a hit in his tuxedo, setting an example other leading silents will do well to imitate. The hearing folks customarily wear evening garb at such functions; we are as good as the hearing folks, are we not? I'll tell the cock-eyed world we are.

T. J. Meagher and Bob Kannappell, of Culver, Ind., attended the Chicago-Illinois game at Champaign, on the 7th, when Grange was really stopped for the first time in his life. W. Barrow, H. Leiter, the R. Blairs, and others witnessed Northwestern defeat Michigan at the stadium here the same day.

The grand show-down between law and order, in the trial of the Genna gangsters caught red-handed while killing two policemen last summer, resulted in a partial victory for the State. Scalise and Anselmi were found guilty on the 12th, and sentenced to prison for 14 years. As the papers said:

"Through all the long days of the trial four persons have been in constant attendance. Two of them are Chief Schoemaker and Deputy Zimmer, who worked night and day to obtain the evidence submitted by Prosecutor Crowe. And there are Mrs. Myrtle Olson, deaf-mute mother of the slain Policeman Olson, and Miss Helen Cantwell, who was to have married him."

Mrs. W. Sprague gave a nice little luncheon and "500" at her residence on the 12th, three tables for prizes.

Johnnie Sullivan has been on the sick list for several weeks.

Mrs. Anton Tanzan gave a party on the 8th for Miss Clara Ellestad, of Spring Grove, Minn., inviting only silents, who formerly lived in the Northwestern States.

Eighteen silents spent the 25th on the Dunes, guests of the Izzy Newmans. Mrs. Henry brought along Miss Pearson, sister of Mrs. Roy Stewart, of Washington, D. C. Despite the raw wind blowing in from the bounding blue, an enjoyable time was had.

Mrs. Jesse Waterman had a visitor from St. Louis, bringing him to visit the Home.

Leon Harvat, of Denver, is studying at the local linotype school.

Mrs. Grace Emery Coombs visited the Home with Mrs. J. Hall recently, following which she left to make her permanent home in California.

Mrs. Frederick Meinken will manage a vaudeville performance in December, for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society Christmas Tree, at the M. E. church, to ensure toys for all children who attend.

Miss Mary McDonald attended the funeral of an uncle at Lincoln, Ill., on the 2d.

The Orin Calkins made an auto

trip to Prairie du Sac, Wis., Mrs. Calkin's former home, recently.

Mrs. Linda Brimble is still visiting her son in Detroit.

Donald Herrin and Ashley Mickenhay, former Chicagoans, are working in the Studebaker plant in South Bend. Ashley recently contacted a bad case of mumps.

Dates ahead: November 20th—21—Annual Bazaar, All Angels. 21—Sac Fall Dance. 21—Bunco at Pas. 25—Sac Bunco and Dance. 25—Annual Bunco, Ephpheta Social Center, May and 11th Streets, benefit building fund. 26—\$5 excursion to Jacksonville, homecoming football game. 28—Lecture by Rev. Henry Rutherford, Pas. December 5—Bazaar and "500," Knights Del'Epee. 12—Grand Federated Charity Ball, Sac. THE MRAGHERS.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

This is the week of All Souls' Bazaar. It will be held on the last three days—Thursday, Friday and Saturday. On account of it, the Clerc Literary Association, the Silent Athletic Association and the Philadelphia Local Branch, will forego their regular meetings on those nights. The proceeds of the bazaar will be for the benefit of the church. Let us all wish it the success it deserves.

Mr. Frank Widaman, who writes for the JOURNAL under the name of "Rex" and lives in far-away Greensburg, and his neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. James Poole, have sent articles for the bazaar, which shows that they are willing to do a good turn for their Philadelphia friends, who surely appreciate it. There may be others who may have done the same stunt (?) and their help, however small, is also appreciated.

November 12th, was designated as Annual Donation Day for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Torresdale, (the new location of the Home dating from this week), as the second Thursday in November usually is in consequence of it. All Souls' Parish House was used as the "happy dumping ground" for donations of all kinds (except of course, rubbish), for the Home by the local deaf and interested hearing friends. And to make it worth while going there in the evening, President Smielan, who is now at the helm of the P. S. A. D., conceived the idea to treat with a moving picture show.

However, the President, with all his good intentions, failed to reckon with Jupiter Pluvius, who reigned supreme then as at other times when he is no respecter of persons or events, and as a result, the number of vacant seats was mournfully noted. The downpour lasted most all the evening. It may have caused a slump in the attendance, but happily it seemed to go no farther than that; for the program, as advertised, was carried out fully, excepting that there was no time for the last feature of entertainment. When a final count was taken, it was found that a large sum of money was obtained and a larger sum was pledged, altogether about \$800, more or less. Thus Philadelphia has again acquitted itself with flying colors.

The Board of Managers of the P. S. A. D., held the usual Fall adjourned meeting at the home of Treasurer McGhee on Friday evening, 13th of November.

The Friday, November 13th, jinx made its last appearance this year, and many may be glad of it. Do you believe in a jinx? We wonder if the Rev. Warren M. Smaltz does, for he seems to have cause to. Last Friday, 13th, he was driving his motor car on Germantown Avenue, when he came to a stop behind a big van car. When the car finally moved away, Mr. Smaltz was shocked to see a man lying stretched out on the street and unconscious. Realizing that the man had been struck by the big van, Mr. Smaltz, joined by another man whom he took on his car, pursued the van, overtook it, and compelled the driver to return to the man he had hit. We understand that the driver was then arrested. Further details are lacking by the writer.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. Helen R. Wilson met with a painful accident on Thursday afternoon, November 12th. While crossing Broad Street and Allegheny Avenue, she was hit by an automobile and painfully injured. We do not yet know the extent of her injury, as an X-ray examination will have to be made. We hope that she is not as seriously injured as at first thought.

Mrs. M. J. Syle returned home from a short tour in Europe on Friday, November 13th. Mrs. M. J. Haight, whose companion she was, came with her to Philadelphia home, and is expected to stay here indefinitely. Mrs. Syle's many friends here are delighted and glad for her safe return. Some time later Mrs. Syle will give an account of her trip, which was very enjoyable to her.

Never give a man a hat for a wedding present. A week or so later it will be entirely too large.

FANWOOD.

On Monday, the 9th of November, the "George" team, under the captaincy of Lynch, won a glorious victory from the "Jimmie" team, under the captaincy of Goodhope, by a score of 24 to 20, in the basket ball tournament.

In the first half "George" team had everything their own way, and the period ended 9 to 6 in their favor.

In the last half the "Jimmie" team came back with a rush. Difficult field goals were made in quick succession, and passes were executed in a manner that thrilled the pupils who witnessed the games. The feature of the game was many accurate field goals made by Retzker, Lynch, Kostyk and Feldman, and the work by Bayarsky, Goodhope and Horn.

It was one of the fastest and cleanest games ever played.

"George" (24) vs "Jimmie" (20)
Greenberg L.F. Manning
Bayarsky R.F. Feldman
Retzker C. Kostyk
Johnson L.G. Horn
Lynch, Capt R.G. Goodhope, Capt

Substitute—"Jimmie"—Manning to McLellan. Field Goal—Retzker 5, Lynch 4, Kostyk 3, Feldman 3, Goodhope 2, Manning 1, Bayarsky 1. Poul Goal—Lynch 2, Kostyk 2, Retzker 1, Bayarsky 1. Time-keeper, L. Farber. Scorer, D. Aellis. Referee, F. Lux.

November 11th was Armistice Day, and the pupils were relieved of their scholastic duties in the afternoon, while in the morning they had their session at school. Visiting at the Metropolitan Museum, hiking in the woods, going to the theatre, and seeing their relatives, were the afternoon's pleasures.

On November 6th, Miss Kate Currier, whose retirement as teacher took place two years ago, was a caller here. She was more than pleased to see the pupils whom she formerly taught.

Mr. Meyer Lief, a Fanwood graduate, visited the Protean Society last Sunday, the 8th of November.

The Fanwood Athletic Association, under the captaincy of Cadet Adjutant Cerniglio, wishes to announce the basket ball schedule, with the names of the opposing teams.

November 21—Houston A. C., here
November 21—Clark House, away
December 5—Curtis H. S., away
December 11—Horace Mann, away
December 12—Hebrew Orphan Association (under 16 years old)
January 5—Stony Brook, away
January 13—New York M. A., away
January 29—Westchester M. A., away
February 6—Stony Brook, here
February 22—Trenton School for the Deaf, away
February 26—Westchester M. A., here
February 27—Clason Point M. A., away

Other games will be announced that are now pending.

The members of the Fanwood Literary Association congregated in the chapel on November 12th. A short program was rendered by two of the High Class, who did not give their stories that were on the program two weeks ago, because there was no time. Those who told stories were George Lynch, "The Last Warning," and Frank Heintz, "Gentleman Don."

The presiding officer, Arne Olsen, then introduced Professor Jones to the platform, who delivered a lecture. The subject was the "Locarno Compact." His illustration was vivid. At the close of his talk, a vote of thanks was tendered to Professor Jones. Before adjournment, Professor Jones once more showed in signs his menagerie of wild animals, which caused loud laughter.

Founder's Day will be on November 20th, and the companies, under the command of Captain Olsen, Captain Kerwin, and Captain Jacobucci, are pretty evenly matched to fight for the flag in the competitive drill. The reviewing officer will be Lieutenant Colonel Walter H. Smith, Field Artillery U. S. A., who will also act as Chief Judge of the competition. The ceremonies begin at 2:30 P.M.

Cadet William Stupfer was admitted here as a new pupil last Monday, the 9th of November.

On November 11th, the Protean Society, composed of commissioned officers, had the privilege of going to the Rio Theatre with the Adrasian Society. They enjoyed the show very much.

Mr. Frank R. Wheeler and his wife and daughter, Helen, with two teachers, Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Goodson, of the American School at Hartford, Ct., were guests of Principal Gardner and his wife here last Friday, the 13th of November. Mr. Wheeler is Principal of the American School for the Deaf at Hartford, which is the oldest school in the United States. They were shown around the schoolrooms and trades schools, saw the boys at drill, and witnessed the Fanwood team playing a basket ball game.

Miss Edna Shirley, a teacher at Fanwood, formerly taught at the American School and was glad to see the visitors.

Mrs. Edwin D. Steese, secretary of the Ladies' Committee of the

Institution, was an interested visitor at the printing office last week.

Sast Sunday Cadet Color Sergeant Lynch and Cadet First Sergeant Retzker witnessed the professional football game at the Polo Ground, between the Giants team and the Providence team. The Giants won a decisive victory by 13 to 12.

Cadet Captain Arne Olsen, Cadet Color Sergeant Farber and Cadet Bayarsky, visited Cadet Prevette, who is confined at St. Luke's Hospital, an operation having been performed in an injured hand, last Saturday.

Cadet Captain Kerwin made a short visit at the home of Mr. John O'Brien last Saturday.

A basket ball game will be held between the Fanwood team and the Houston team at the former's court, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, November 21st. In the evening the Fanwood team will play against the strong Clark House team at the latter's court.

Gallaudet College

Miss Brothers was called home on November 5th by the death of an uncle. She returned on the tenth. The college extends its sympathy to Miss Brothers in her sorrow.

Miss Burch, teacher in the Kentucky School for the Deaf, visited college on November 10th. She attended chapel services in the morning and later made a tour of the classes in Kendall School. Miss Burch, we understand, is making a tour of the eastern schools for the deaf, within the purpose of observing the methods they use in teaching speech and speech-reading.

Promptly at 11 A.M., on November 11th, the dwellers on Kendall Green dropped their work and stood for two minutes in quiet meditation in honor to those brave men who fell defending the principle that might is not always right. It was evident in every one's eyes that he felt the importance and solemnity of the occasion. Truly, it is a wonderful feeling to be conscious of the fact that at the proclamation, a busy nation pauses a moment in reverence to all which is joined with that momentous day which made the world "safe for democracy."

The reporter was surprised recently to find that Dr. Gault is still occupied with the big task of proving to the world that a deaf person can be trained to understand spoken words through the tactile sense. This year, he is working with four students, Misses Clark and Nelson and Messrs. Marsden and Braunagel. Nick Braunagel is learning the tactile trick so quickly, that soon he can put his North Dakota Corona ticklers on a telephone and beat us poor penmen to a date by 24 hours.

The students and faculty enjoyed an informal dance in the gymnasium on the evening of November 13th—yes, Friday, the 13th. As the talk current in the buildings has it, the dance pleased everyone. A victrola furnished the necessary jazz. Couples drifted across the floor like whisps of smoke. At ten o'clock, the jazz flames died down and all the drifting smoke rushed out the door and dispersed.

Again Gallaudet went down to defeat, this time before the Loyola College team of Baltimore. It was no surprise that we were beaten, but it was an astonishment that we were able to get the score we got. From the very outset and throughout the game, Loyola began her plays with two or more of the line-men in motion. The referees were lax in most departments. Nevertheless, Gallaudet fought fiercely. With Loyola leading 7-0 between halves, Gallaudet knotted the count in the third quarter, when Scarvie picked up a fumbled ball and ran 15 yards for a touchdown. Killian kicked goal. In the fourth quarter Loyola got 7 more. Gallaudet came right back to tie the score again. Byouk made an excellent heave, while on Gallaudet's 15 yard line, to Scarvie, advancing the ball to Loyola's 8 yard line.

Three line bucks netted no ground. On the fourth play Byouk again made an accurate pass to Scarvie for the second touchdown. In this play Loyola apparently purposely put our right end out of the game by giving him a blow in the right eye.

Killian again kicked goal, Gallaudet threatened to break through every minute thereafter, but in an exchange of punts she fumbled and Loyola recovered and scored. Final score 21-14. Our team put up a much improved brand of football, due to the fact that captain Rose is back in the line-up again, following a one month's absence due to a broken bone in his left hand.

Line-Up: Killian, L.E., Johnson, L.T., Reins, L.G., Ridings, C., Young, R.G., Buemann, R.T., Scarvie, R.E., Sopu, Q.B., Byouk, R.H.B., Mlynarek, L.H.B., Rose, captain, F.B. Substitutions: McBride for Young, Peterson for Buemann, Nomeland for Reins, Hirth for Scarvie.

The Chinese are raising more peanuts than Americans now, but we still eat more in picture shows.

St. Louis Notes.

A surprise party was held at the Perlmuter home on the afternoon and evening of the 8th, in honor of Mrs. Perlmuter's umpteenth birthday. The affair, managed by Mrs. Berwin, assisted by her better half and Chas. Wolff, was a complete success, and the surprise was remembered on the occasion with many tokens of her friends' affection. Games were played till a late hour, the feature being Bill Thurer's rendering of the Charleston. Among those present with the above were Messrs. and Mesdames Arnot, Lynch, Burgherr, Steideman, Thurer, Stack, Wess, Miller, Mesdames Udall, and Deem and Ed. Miller.

Mrs. Marchman took advantage of an excursion rate and came down from Chicago for a day, taking in the Perlmuter party. By way of exchange, Messrs. Drum and Bennett went to the latter city, and report a pleasant time.

The semi-annual supper and bazaar of St. Thomas Mission will be held on the 21st, afternoon and evening. The Woman's Guild with Mrs. Thurer at the head, will have charge of the affair, and promise a square, old-fashioned meal, of the kind mother used to set before us in the old days. On the 21st, let your feet point to 1210 Locust Street to the Schuyler Memorial.

Ed. Blevins is on the sick list and resting easily at St. Luke's Hospital. The physicians in charge at last accounts had not yet ascertained just where his trouble was located.

Mrs. Reinke, of Michigan City, formerly Miss Margaret Schultz, who had been visiting her mother here for the past month, returned home recently.

Bill Schaub was included in the blanket group insurance policy recently drawn up by the Frisco system to cover all its employees, and will be covered for a couple of thousand for a nominal monthly, sum deducted from the pay check.

There have been rumors for some time past that the Fulton and Jacksonville schools' football eleven would clash here on the 21st, but the writer has not been able to verify the fact. A High School athletic field was offered them, but the time was limited to a Saturday morning only, which would prevent most of the local deaf from attending.

Sam Perlmuter has bought a flat on Rowan Avenue, in this city, and after seven years wandering from one rented quarter to another has at last a permanent address.

The Halloween social, 31st ult., was well attended in spite of a drizzling rain that fell all evening. The feature of the evening was a large pumpkin donated by Ernest Miller, which had a lighted candle stuck in it. The object being to extinguish the light by throwing a peanut at it. James Washburn had the most curves in his pitches that evening, and won the punkin. A Ford had to be requisited to get the prize home. The net profit of the evening came to above thirty dollars, which will make a welcome addition to the Christmas Fund for the needy deaf during the holidays.

Providence (R. I.) News.

On Saturday, November 14th, the Knights of De l'Epee, one of the Providence Council, held a whist party in one of the club-rooms of the Knights of Columbus Hall on Greene Street. More than one hundred participated in the events. Dancing and games followed after the whist.

Receipts derived from the whist were turned over to the committee of the convention fund, which will be held in July, 1926.

The prizes at Bridge Whist were awarded to as follows:

For women: 1st prize, a bottle of perfume to Miss Celestine Sauranague; 2d prize, a bottle of hair dressing to Miss Gussie Klienman.

For men: 1st, a handsome gold-filled fountain pen to Mr. Edward Collins; 2d prize, Gillette Safety Razor to Mr. Frank Argouet.

The Providence Council has sponsored many dancing and whist parties since its organization, but probably none has provided more pleasure than the harvest whist that was held last Saturday.

The halls were gayly decorated with a color scheme of electric shaded lights. During the intermission, refreshments of ice-cream and cake were served. The Committee composed: Chairman of Arrangements, Phillip C. Shine, William C. Bradley, Henry Courtmanache, Miss Nellie Burke and John Scott.

At the closing hour lucky numbers were drawn. After being thoroughly examined, the tickets (2000), were cast into a milling cage to be renovated. Helen, a four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Thompson, was chosen to draw the first lucky number. Helen placed her tiny hand in the cage and played as if she would in the water, and drew a single ticket and handed it to Mr. Shine with a smiling face. Mr. Shine shouted No. 902, with the holder's name and address, which goes as a first prize (\$15.00) to Mr. William Schurman, of 1700 Carroll Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., now a student at the Fanwood School.

Ethel Thompson was next to draw, second prize (\$10.00), awarded to Mr. Joseph Grannan, 60 Penn. Street,

Providence, Mr. John Wood drew the third prize of \$5.00, awarded to Miss Nellie Burke, 15 Barclay Street, Providence. Little Annie Falmesbee drew out the fourth prize, \$5.00, awarded to A. Noack, 849 Admiral Street, Providence.

The next social of events will be held in February. Arrangements will be made later.

On November 8th, Mr. and Mrs. James Everson and son, Clarence, of Middleboro, Mass., motored to Providence, and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Thompson during the night.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The Los Angeles Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Schneider, October 25th. It was voted to hold a banquet in December, in memory of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, at which plan for the February banquet in honor of Edward Miner Gallaudet, would be made public. It is proposed to make the latter a rally for the general deaf public. A fine time was enjoyed. The cats were better than Astorville palaces furnish. Having failed to win the booby prize in "500," I will not announce the first and second prize winners as Mr. Stillman and Mrs. Terry.

The campaign to collect California's share of the fund for the Edward Miner Gallaudet Memorial building is under way with Messrs. James and Blanchard and Mrs. Terry, as the committee. Edward Miner Gallaudet gave his whole being to the service of the deaf in general. He established a college for the deaf, which has turned out teachers and workers in behalf of the deaf that have done wonders in deaf-mute education and welfare. As president of Gallaudet College, he was leader in it any movement for the advancement or protection of the deaf. The non-graduate, the deaf who never set foot in Gallaudet College, and the graduate all have an interest and an appeal to the man who give up a prospective life of banking and lucrative returns for a life of real sacrifices and hardships in the service of the deaf. Were you a deaf-mute or semi-mute to give one dollar each to the building fund would go over the top. Save on the eats or movies or gas for one week, and give the dollar in memory of the son of the founder of deaf education in America.

The Hawaiian entertainment of the L. A. S. C. was a success. The eats were in the style of native Hawaiian custom, consisting of pork, banana cooked, and cider. Jack Dempsey's chef cooked the pork, and did the job worthy of his reputation. Dr. Goldstein, of St. Louis, is soliciting in east for money to build a school for the deaf in St. Louis, to be managed the Goldstein way—pure oralism. The Los Angeles Gallaudet Club is up in arms against the scheme, having instructed the secretary to write Dr. Hall, of Gallaudet College, the President of Gallaudet College Alumni Association and the President of the National Association of the Deaf, to hustle and expose the scheme of pulling money from the wealthy public.

The A. W. Wrights, of Seattle, spent a few days in Los Angeles, California. Land and climate told a wonderful advertisement and climate testimonial, when Mrs. Wright denied that I am getting younger. I lost out with a pretty girl.

The Mephams and Cooks spent a week in San Diego, Coronado and Tia Juana. The Mephams car did not wobble on the return.

Thomas Bradshaw and James Swan, of Santa Barbara, spent the week-end in Los Angeles, in the first the guest of the Letts, at Ocean Park.

Mrs. Evernew Walters Meyers Lamont fell down a stairway, and thought her ankle had slipped. A month and a half in bed did not allay the pain though there was no swelling. The puzzled doctor finally located the trouble as dislocation of the hip.

Miss Fanny Cohen, of Chicago, seems to have settled here for good.

Cadwalader Washburn is winning the Iowa.

Mrs. A. K. Barret has returned from recognition among the deaf for real artistic work that has been accorded him among artists. He has never advertised himself.

Mary Mullen Michels, 7411 South Beach Avenue, Watts, California, has not heard of her brother, John Mullen, in years. Do you Ohioans or Chicagoans know?

The A. C. D. has moved to 138 South Broadway into part of the quarters formerly occupied by the Chamber of Commerce. As the plan of the civic center to cost \$50,000,000, includes his district to be cleared, the A. C. D. had better look up another place, in readiness for a notice of ouster.

Those in the East who yearns to live in California, may be surprised to learn that I earned \$134.40 last week. Of course, I lived at the Biltmore Hotel.

THEO. C. MUELLER.

INGLEWOOD, CAL.

DETROIT NEWS

Pearline Myers (deaf) was arrested November 12th, and is in jail for defrauding two deaf women, Miss Lena Yack and Miss Matilda Stark, out of hundreds of dollars, through promising to marry them.

The case will come up, November 30th, and Mrs. Davis will act as interpreter.

Pearline Myers was not a member of the Detroit Association of the Deaf. He only was seen at the socials.

Miss Lena Yack is a Canadian, educated at Belleville, Ont. She works as a domestic.

Miss Matilda Stark lives with her married sister and is a product of the Flint School. She is a sister of Rudolph Stark, who died two years ago.

"The Romance of the Education of the Deaf" was delivered clearly by Prof Robert Patterson, Columbus, Ohio, at the hall of the Detroit Association of the Deaf, Saturday evening, November 14th. The attendance was large and Ivan Heyman-son was chairman.

Mr. Raymond D. Oliveri, of New London, the great all-round athlete, is going to give up playing football. On a recent Sunday, he played with the Colonials against Westerly All-Collegians, and at the close of the game felt very tired. He has played with the Colonials for the past four years, and the players will miss him very much. With Earl Hazler he will soon come to this city, and try to secure a job as Union Carpenter.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK N. A. D. BRANCH.

On Wednesday evening, November 11th (Armistice Day), the New York Branch of the N. A. D. held a meeting in the Guild Rooms of St. Ann's Church, 511 West 148th Street.

Mr. John N. Funk presided, and Miss Eleanor E. Sherman recorded. The Executive Committee's report showed that the Branch had been actively working.

Mr. Marcus L. Kenner is the Chairman of the Dinner Committee to be held to commemorate the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. This year it will be held on the 12th of December, but as yet the place has not been selected.

After the meeting, Rev. John Henry Kent, the Vicar of St. Ann's Church, told of his experiences in England, where he had been last August. He compared the social and spiritual life of our English brethren with the American deaf, and at the conclusion he was given a vote of thanks.

The Metropolitan Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association held a social meeting in the Assembly Rooms of St. Ann's Parish House on Saturday evening, November 14th. The new President, Mrs. Bertha B. Barnes, shone resplendent in her new role. A business session was called for a brief moment, to vote a contribution of \$5 to the Chamberlain Memorial Tablet Fund of St. Ann's Church. The rest of the evening was given over to conversation and story-telling, jokes being in order most of the time, and Rev. John H. Kent mostly in evidence. Coffee and cake were served by a committee consisting of Misses Doris Ballance and Florence Lewis. Some committee, say we! Also some cake! Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Elstad, of the Wright Oral School; Mr. and Mrs. Culmer Barnes, Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Nies, Rev. and Mrs. John H. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Max Lubin, Mrs. Temple, Misses Laura McDill Bates, Alice Teegarden, Helen Fish, Florence Lewis, Doris Ballance, Estella Maxwell, Rev. Mr. Braddock, Messrs. Samuel Kohn, Oliver W. McInturf, William F. May, and Clarence Baldwin.

BROOKLYN FRATS.

The entry blanks for the track events on the evening for Saturday, November 28th, when the Brooklyn Frats who rally under the magic "23" banner hold their carnival at the 69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Avenue and 25th Street, are coming in most satisfactorily to Chairman Harry J. Powell. In the School Relay race are entered Fanwood, Lexington Avenue, and St. Joseph's and among club entries are Margraf, Houston and Manavy. All of the local "Frat" Divisions are represented. The Referee will be Thos. J. Cullen, who was last year's captain of the Fordham Track Team, and he will be assisted by E. Heaney and R. R. Beakes, both of Holy Name Athletic Club.

The Armory is accessible from all points, and the admission covering the track events, games, dancing etc., is only one dollar.

MANHATTAN DIVISION, No. 87.

All roads will lead to Odd Fellows' Memorial Hall, 301-309 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, this Saturday evening, November 21st, where the Advertising Bal Masque of Manhattan Division, No. 87, will ring up the curtain on the 1925-26 social season.

First and foremost, the ball will be an Advertising Bal Masque. Prizes will be awarded in strict conformity with the meaning of the term. The bizarre and unusual will be recognized only as they advertise some nationally known product or manufacture.

To the winner of first prize will go the sum of \$25.00. The highest single prize ever offered by any organization at any time to date. Ladies and gentlemen can try for this prize. There will be other cash prizes running the usual scale.

Odd Fellows' Memorial Hall can be reached by both East Side and West Side subways to Nevins Street. Then walk two blocks south to Schermerhorn Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Berger, of Main Street, New Rochelle, just a little bit outside the Greater City line, were reminded their return from Peekskill was all to the merry with their friends. To show their jubilation, the friends motored by trolley to the Henry Bettels, manse last Sunday afternoon. From there they organized a hiking club, and near to record time was made in reaching the Berger homestead on Main Street. The two charming Berger girls, Madeline and Marion, were in on the plot, when the ensemble jumped into view. "Mom" Berger's usually rosy cheeks, assumed a deeper tinge of carmine. Friend Hubby just smiled. The afternoon and evening was topped off with a dainty, but, at the same time, delicious supper.

Among the out-of-town guests at the New Jersey Deaf-Mutes' Halloween party were Miss Betty Matthews and Mrs. Helene W. Brossard, who motored to Newark from New Brunswick, N. J., for the

event. Their costumes were prize winners. After returning to New Brunswick Miss Matthews and Mr. Arthur Taber, of Plainfield, N. J., spent the week-end at the home of Mr. Brossard in Lincoln Gardens.

Mr. Fortunato Curcio, known by his associates of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League as Frank Cook, was married on November 8th, 1925, to Miss Mary Helen Bernardo, who received her education at the St. Joseph Institute. The ceremony was held in the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, Portchester, N. Y. Reception in Brooklyn, N. Y.

"We're ready," says Chairman Kieckers, of the committee arranging for the De l'Epee celebration, this Sunday evening, November 22d, at K. C. Institute, Brooklyn. Some of our best orators, whispers the chairman, have signed contracts to be present and enliven on the Abbe and his good deeds.

Mrs. Lawrence Weinberg, who underwent two serious operations, was able to leave the Norwegian Lutheran Hospital after being laid up for four weeks. She is at her mother's home till she is strong enough to get around. Baby Richard Walter has indeed grown since she went to the hospital. He is 3½ months old now.

Mr. Louis Sordillo, a member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, was married to Miss Adelina Pistoressia, on Sunday, November 15th, at Our Lady of Grace Church, Cliffside, N. J. After the ceremony there was a reception, at which many of the intimate friends and relatives were present.

Last week, on Sunday, Edwin Moshbacher came home from Mt. Sinai Hospital on Fifth Avenue, where he had been for two weeks to have his eye operated on. James Manning and Charles Knobloch went there often to visit him.

Samuel Rogalsky, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was in New York last Monday and Tuesday. On Monday, he visited Fanwood and the JOURNAL office. He is a printer and has steady employment.

On Friday, November 5th, at the meeting of the Bronx Frats, the most surprised Brother was Joe Graham, who was presented with a ring, bearing the N. F. S. D. insignia.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League have secured the use of the 22d Regiment Armory for Saturday, February 20th, 1926. The affair will be a Basket Ball and Dance.

Mrs. Mary L. Haight and Mrs. M. J. Syle returned to New York on Thursday, November 12th, from Paris. Mrs. Haight is now visiting Mrs. Syle in Philadelphia.

Waldo Ries, representing *Forbes Magazine*, is traveling all over the New York State during this week of November 16th. He has been to Philadelphia three times.

Mr. Lyman H. Metzger is mourning on account of the death of his sister, Mrs. Linda Stern, which occurred on October 12th.

Mr. John N. Funk, who is a lino-typist on the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, now plunks the keys during the day.

PHILADELPHIA ITEMS

The Annual Bal Masque of the Silent Athletic Club, November 7th, at Turngemunde Hall, drew one of the largest crowds that ever turned out for such an affair in Philadelphia.

Knowing the prizes would make it worth while, fully 150 came masked. Costumes of every description were seen, and they were right up to the minute in ideas.

The judges, selected from out-of-town visitors, were Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Ritchie, Reading, Pa.; Wm. J. Hayes, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Stephenson, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. Nancy Moore, Toronto, Can.; Geo. Hummel, Bloomfield, N. J., and H. E. Stephens, Merchantville, N. J. First prize, \$10.00, for ladies, went to Miss Freda Hanske, Camden, N. J. Men: Mr. Albert Wolf, Most Comical, \$5.00 each Blanche Glicker, Reading, Pa.; Meyer Levin and Rubin Miller. Most Original, \$5.00 each Miss Alex McGhee, Harry Dooner, Impersonator, \$5.00 each Pauline Smith, Joseph Rodgers. Most Grotesque, \$5.00 each Catherine Jones, Scranton, Pa.; Martin Caviston.

After awarding the prizes, paper streamers started flying from all corners of the hall, the orchestra struck up a lively tune and dancing continued till a late hour.

Many out-of-town visitors were among the crowd, New York, Trenton, Washington, Atlanta, Baltimore, Altoona and Reading, being well represented.

Great credit for the success of the Ball goes to chairman, Jim Jennings and his committee.

LOSES LIFE TO GAIN HEARING

INDEPENDENCE, KAN., Nov. 1.—Paul Gibson, of Independence, and Harold H. Caulkins, an aviator of Parsons, Kan., were killed here today when a wing of an airplane in which they were flying broke off and the plane crashed 5,000 feet to the ground. Gibson, deaf and dumb since birth, went up with Caulkins in an effort to effect a cure for his deafness.—*N. Y. World, Nov. 2.*

OHIO.

News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

November 7, 1925—Hallowe'en parties were the rage in Columbus last week. The first one early in the week was by the "Ten Jolly Club," at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Inman, in the northern part of the city. Dancing, games and refreshments, formed the chief parts. The prizes were carried off by Mrs. Redman and Wm. McBlane.

Those participating were Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Inman, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick McConolly, Messrs. C. Miller, R. Ogden, McVicker, Wm. Fickel, Slagle, Charles Horton, Carson, Wm. McBlane, Wood, and W. Allen, Misses Agnes McBlane, Mayme Dille, Bayes Angelina Pierrula, Holdren and Irene Crossen.

The second affair came Friday evening, given by the S. S. club in the Art studio and Domestic Science rooms of the school. Besides the twenty-seven members each had invited a boy partner, and with honored guests, the number in attendance was seventy.

The club is composed of older girl pupils, and is looked after by Miss Ethelburga Zell. In a way the affair was gotten up as an appreciation of her services to the members, and came incognito to her until she was ushered into her room.

For several days previous the members of the club prepared for the affair assisted by Miss Hoover, Domestic Science teacher, each rendering aid in their respective lines and held in confidence the object the members were striving from Miss Zell, a surprise to her, because of her work in their behalf.

At 7:30 p.m. the members and invited guests formed a line in the rotunda of the main building and marched over to the Art studio of the school building. This they found beautifully decorated in Hallowe'en make attractions, and it was then made known to Miss Zell that the social was given in her honor, which was much of a surprise to her.

The members and their partners were all masked, and after marching around the room awhile to allow the judges to decide which of the characters deserved prizes, they picked Miss Lucile Leuch as a rose bud, Emily Hartshorn as a Bee, Doris McNally as a Dutchman, Lucile Jackson and George Brown as two witches, and Irvin as the handsome boy, deserving of awards.

The crowd then passed across the hall and into the Domestic Science room, which also was made attractive with decorations of Hallowe'en pictures. Here from a table nicely set the crowd helped itself to baked beans, ham sandwiches, doughnuts, relish, cornshaped candies, apples and cider. After the eats had been put away, the company went back to the art studio and indulged in dancing, games and conversation, till 10:45 p.m. Every one voted the affair an enjoyable one.

The honor guests were Miss Zell, mother and brother, Superintendent and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Hoover, her mother and brother, Mrs. Meyers, Miss Hoy, Mr. and Mrs. Zorn and Mr. and Mrs. Ohlemacher.

The third and largest affair was the annual masquerade social given by the Ladies' Aid Society in the Girls' Recreation hall at the school, for the benefit of the Home for Deaf, Saturday afternoon and evening.

The hall was nicely decorated with yellow and black colored crepe, pictures of witches, owls, spooks and cats, graced the walls, dangling from the ceiling, here and there were big eyes and mouths in the imitation of pumpkins stared at people. The members of the society in charge of the various booths were becomingly gowned and had a smile for every one, dealing with them. An appetizing bill of fare was served at and reasonable price, and many partook of it. The other booths also were well patronized. The main feature of the evening was the masquerade parade, and there were several new features to be recorded.

A stalking corn shock, a basket of flowers on an urn carried on the head. Prizes for the prettiest, most original, and ugliest, for each sex were offered, and were won respectively in the order named by Lucile Leach, Thema Lamprecht and Agnes Peritta, Philip Holdren, James Judge and Charles Robbins. The judges were Rev. C. W. Charles, Mr. Robert Thomas, E. J. Holycross, Miss Agnes Edgar and Miss Abbie Kraus.

Quite a number of deaf were present from out of Columbus. The party lasted till 10:30 p.m., and there were those who wished the time was extended.

Miss Abbie Kraus, a former resident of Columbus, after the social, visited with friends until after the middle of the week. Because of her expected wedding soon, she was given a shower, Tuesday evening, in room 201 of the institution, where she met a number of friends and was remembered with a lot of gifts that will be useful and ornamental to her and her intended. Refreshments were served just previous to the shower. These were present: Mrs. C. W. Charles, Mrs. Joe Leib, Mrs. Charles Cook, Mrs. Wark,

Mrs. Gordon Mathews, Mrs. Neuner; Misses Lamson, Rachel Gleason, Cora Uhl, Anna King and Angelina Pierrula.

Mr. Daniel Friedman, of Cleveland, came down in his Ford from Cleveland, Wednesday, and spent several days in Columbus as guest of Mr. Wm. Mayer. He is still employed with a Cleveland Product Co. and finds the place much more to his liking than holding a position in a political office of the city.

Mrs. Martin L. Young, of Tiffin, O., was a visitor at the school this week, having come from Zanesville, O., where she spent several weeks visiting relatives. She stopped several days here with Mr. and Mrs. Sooy Dressback. About a year ago she fell down stairs at her home, receiving injuries that laid her up until last September.

Her maiden name was Meleta Scott and left school in 1884, and a pupil under Superintendents Dr. G. O. Fay, Charles S. Perry, Ben Talbot and Amasa Pratt.

J. Pet Martin from Rye Beach, N. Y., on his way to Denver, Col., in an auto, was given shelter at the school, Thursday night of this week. Said he was to teach at the school for deaf, Colorado Springs, auto machine repairing. Some of those who talked with him think his story is a myth.

Mrs. Sarah Williamson Scott, who has been in Columbus since last spring, returned to Lebanon this week, to reside with a nephew. Her address will be Lebanon, Route 3. Care of Mr. Osborn.

DENVER

On October 14th, at 7:15 p.m., Mrs. Margaret Alford, of Denver, was united in marriage to Harry Herbold, of Benchland, Montana.

The ceremony took place in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, the bride's family being communicants there. The Rev. Geo. W. Palmer and the Rev. H. E. Grace were the officiating ministers, the first speaking only for the large circle of hearing persons present, and the second in signs for the deaf.

Some one remarked that with the knot doubly tied, the young couple would have a hard time getting it untied if they ever tried it. After several weeks in Denver the bride and groom will return to Montana, where Mr. Herbold is farming with his father for the present.

Under the arrangement of Miss Lucile Wolfert, the Guild of All Souls' Mission gave a literary program at the Parish Hall on the evening of October 16th. It was a stormy evening and several of those on the program were unable to be present. However this did not deter those who were there from enjoying themselves. The first event was a debate between Rev. Grace and Mr. Northern, on the question "Resolved, Bachelors should be taxed."

The audience evidently got a kick out of it. When it was all over the judges decided it was a tie. As there were four young bachelors present, they were urged to give their views, but declined to possibly because there were young ladies on the eligible list present. Then the young ladies were asked to state their views, but they also declined, possibly because of the bachelors. The program closed with the Colorado State song by Miss Haden. Next thing on the program was the eats, a large stack of chicken sandwiches and plenty of coffee soon disappeared.

The Guild is busy preparing for their first Annual Bazaar, which will be held in the Parish Hall on November 18th and 19th. Sam Biller engineered a Frat Social on October 17th. Five hundred and Bunco were enjoyed by a crowd. J. Leon Harvat has gone to Chicago to take a course in the Linotype School there. J. L. went alone, leaving his wife and children to keep the home fires burning.

Geo. W. Huff and C. S. Allen were the only ones among the deaf to try their luck during the deer season. They failed to bring home any venison.

Indian Summer has returned to Denver after a week of winter accompanied by snow. The first killing frost of the year in Denver came on October 17th. Much later than the usual time to look for frosts.

The Guild gave a Hard Times party at the Parish Hall, November 6th. Mrs. F. A. Lessley, assisted by Mrs. Wolfert, Mrs. Northern and Mrs. Janovick, had charge of the arrangements. The costumes were many and varied. Prize winners were: J. H. Wilkins and Miss Kohut, for the most original hard times costumes. The children's prize were awarded Joey Harvat and Dorothy Huff.

The ladies of the silent colony of Denver, not to be outdone by the Frats, have organized the Aux-Frats to work for the 1927 convention. The officers selected were Mrs. Grace, President; Miss Haden, Vice-President; Mrs. Northern, Secretary; and Mrs. Huff, Treasurer; also the above with Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Cummings and Miss Sparling will constitute the Aux Frat's Convention Committee. The old boys will have to look out and get a lot of the stiffness out of their joints in a hurry, if they want to keep in the public eye.

SEATTLE.

Izora, the only daughter of Mrs. Sallie Clark, is now at the Western State Academy, near Sumner, as a Sophomore. She is progressing nicely in her piano studies. Her father, living in Mabton, has recently gone to Los Angeles to see his oldest daughter, whom it is reported, is dying.

Hannah Gumaer, idol of her father, Charles Gumaer, has secured a position with an accounting firm. She still attends business college.

The Wright's oldest daughter, Alberta, has accepted a position with Carman, an exclusive women's apparel shop, as their artist. She has been with MacDougall & Southwick department store for nearly two years.

Carl Garrison has been suffering with rheumatism the past four weeks, caused by bad teeth. Mrs. Garrison came down and nursed him until today, when they were taken to their home, in Camano, in a machine owned by Carl's brother. Carl's foreman of the hardwood flooring concern, is holding the place for him until he returns.

Mrs. A. C. Reeves returned home in the Wright Studebaker from Vancouver and Portland. She visited her sister-in-law, Mrs. Lawrence, at the former town and was the guest of honor of several dinners, while she was visiting in the Rose City.

Sam Schneider is now at the St. Luke's Hospital with a bad case of hemorrhage of the lungs. From some misunderstanding he was left unattended at the city hospital and would have passed on, if it had not been for Rev. Gaertner, who came to his rescue and placed him in better care.

We are grateful to our young minister, for he is always looking after the deaf.

We have a group of four young Vancouver girls, Genevieve Robinson, Lina Seipp, Emma LaJambe and Leilah Freese, who have lately taken a large apartment on Boren Avenue. They are having some marvelous times together, which they will never forget.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bertram have exchanged their house in Tacoma for a seven-room-two-story house on 21st Avenue and Union Street near our Lutheran Church. They are pleased with their bargain, because the people here were moving to Tacoma, anxious to make the trade.

Alma Davis has left the Ziegler home and is living with Mrs. Bertha Johnson in an apartment near Broadway. Oscar Anderson, being unable to enjoy life without homecooking, has engaged room and board with Mrs. Sallie Clark.

Edwin Johnson is living alone in the "Tumble Inn" boat house on Lake Washington till the lease expires. The other four young boys, who had lived there, have taken rooms in town and are batching.

Stewart Grant, recently from Nova Scotia, is in love with Puget Sound, for as soon as he found work in the woods as a faller, he purchased a Rollins auto, paying cash. He has been taking the boys and their sweethearts out riding Sundays.

Mrs. Will Rowland, of Tacoma, was in Seattle last week, while staying at the Argonne apartment, owned by the Reeves. She went to Dr. Dean for treatment. She has lost considerably in weight.

This month Prof. and Mrs. L. A. Divine and Dean Horn of the Vancouver school, motored in the Divine Buick sedan to Seattle and took in our monthly club meeting. The professor and his wife were given a great welcome and joined in discussions of interest to the deaf.

Eddie Sullivan, who has several aliases, and who has been in McNeil Island Penitentiary since he was exposed by Prof. T. A. Lindstrom, of Salem, Ore., wrote a letter to our Canadian friends, the Rileys, the other day. He begged for sympathy and help in securing his release on parole.

W. E. Brown having entirely recovered his health and becoming tired of being idle, has opened a barber shop on 65th West, a few days ago.

Claude Morrissey, the second young son of Frank Morrissey, surprised his father by bringing home a young bride. At present the newlyweds are residing with Frank.

The Bertrams won in court against the contractor who enlarged their home last winter, and sued for \$350 above the contract price, for extra alterations. The court decided the \$75 the Bertrams tendered was adequate payment. Rev. Gaertner interpreted at the trial.

The crystal wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Haire, took place on the 17th of this month at the Wright residence. Rev. G. W. Gaertner, and his wife were present, in company with fifty deaf people. After our minister delivered an interesting address about Mr. and Mrs. Haire, the numerous pretty presents showered on them were opened before all the seated guests. Pineapple Delight and a big white cake, prettily decorated and baked by John Bodley, and coffee were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright returned home, from their California trip the day before the Haire Crystal wedding anniversary.

The highway between here and Los Angeles is in excellent condition, being all paved except about a hundred miles in the mountains in Northern California, on which alterations were being made, but the gravel portion was good.

The latest roads built in Washington, are nearly twice as wide as those of Oregon and California.

The beautiful scenery of the green hills and snow-capped peaks, turned to barren hills and mountains and plains, as we drove from Washington State to California, with the days becoming warmer and the nights cooler.

In Sacramento, Fresno, Los Angeles, Bakersfield, San Francisco and many other towns, palms are planted, giving a tropical effect.

Joe Gabrielli lives in Sacramento and has a fine job-printing office and employs a hearing workman.

While the Wrights were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nolen, at their lovely home in Los Angeles, they took them to the S. A. C. hall, introducing them to the hundred members attending that meeting.

Among those in the club house were: Andy Genner, Fred Kuhn Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Larson, the young Aiken boy and Miss Cora Coe, old Seattle residents.

Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Nolen gave a reception, at their residence, to a select few friends in honor of the Seattle visitors. During their stay there, the Nolens, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgman and Mr. Dudley, piloted them around Venice, Hollywood, Beverly Hills, and the Japanese Gardens. Through the pass Mr. Wright secured in Seattle, they entered Universal City, where universal motion pictures are made and which proved the most interesting of all. They witnessed the taking of two scenes in "The Midnight Sun" and "Tumbleweed," in which Laura LaPlant and Barbara Bedford were featured.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Larson, who have many friends in Seattle, are much contented with Los Angeles. Oscar has a steady situation with a sheet-metal concern, and has devoted his spare time to the building of a mission style, five-room, cosy cottage, which they expect to move into shortly. Mr. Larson has done almost every bit of the work on the house from the carpenter work to the wiring and plumbing, and as he did the work in the evenings and on Saturday afternoons, the cottage has been more than a year building.

Saxton Gilmore, a former Vancouver student under the late Supt. James Watson, owns a beautiful twenty-room home worth over fifty thousand dollars. He has a nice family of three children.

Henry Guenther, another old student of Mr. Watson, is a successful manufacturer of can machinery that he invented. He, too, owns a costly home, and lives with his hearing wife in the same neighborhood as the Gilmores.

Mr. and Mrs. Parks, the wealthy lemon ranchers, living in Santa Barbara, gave an interesting narrative of the earthquake of last June. It was a wonder their house did not come down, when few hundred yards away a millionaire's home just built, costing seventy-five thousand dollars, crumbled.

Driving around Santa Barbara one sees many ruins—the stores, apartments, and homes, minus their roofs or walls.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Langdon own a nice home in San Francisco, and have two bright daughters. Ed formerly lived in Seattle, and is a Washington State boy.

PUGET SOUND.

October 23, 1925.

IN DIXIELAND.

NEWS AND COMMENT.

Atlanta is assuredly a city of "drives." No sooner is one campaign for funds for one thing or another put across, than another is started. The Shriners drive for a million dollars, with which to build a mosque-auditorium, went over the top within ten days, and now they have started another drive for a hundred thousand for the "Community Chest," with which to finance the city's various charitable organizations for another year. The Nadfrats building fund drive has not gone "over the top" yet by a long shot, but we all have the "Atlanta Spirit" and confidently expect to put the drive across yet, even if it takes a couple of years to do so.

The Stork has been flying over Atlanta within the past ten days, and left two new citizens to swell the city's deaf population, and rumor has it that he will return with another cargo shortly.

After a two weeks' visit to Miss Ivey Moreland, at Albany, Ga., Miss Thelma Swain, of Adairsville stopped over in Atlanta on her way home and spent several days visiting Miss Margie Weaver.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Cole celebrated Hallowe'en, October 31st, welcoming a new arrival at their home, a ten-pound boy, which has been named Lee, Jr. Mother and boy doing fine and is coming back to normal.

Miss Grace Fobes, of Cave Spring, is in the city visiting a sister on Piedmont Avenue, and mingling

with her old friends and schoolmates of this city.

Mr. John Gardner, a farmer of Lagrange, Ga., has leased the W. J. C. Hodge farm on the outskirts of Atlanta, and will move his family up and take possession on January 1st. There are several hundred acres of good fertile land in this farm, with a comfortable dwelling house, barns, and other improvements. Mr. Hodge inherited this farm along with considerable other property upon the death of his father several years ago. Mr. Gardner will engage in extensive farming and cattle raising next year on this farm.

The Hallowe'en Carnival, given under auspices of the Nadfrat Club, was held despite the very inclement weather, which prevented a good many from attending. The night was bitter cold, with a driving, cutting rain falling and street car service tied up and all off schedule. Still a very good crowd braved the weather to attend, and were well rewarded. The affair was about the best and most perfectly arranged entertainment of its kind ever held in Atlanta. There were many novel and amusing costumes worn, and the rooms were beautifully decorated appropriate of Hallowe'en. The members of the Nadfrat Club created considerable attention, each being garbed in winding sheets representing Ghosts. They formed in a line and marched one by one into the room and spread out around the walls. It was almost impossible to distinguish one from another, as no thing about them showed except narrow eye slits in their headgear. The disguises of the other non-members and visitors was varied and amusing. Every one was given a card and told to write down the names of all they thought they recognized, the winner to receive a handsome prize. Very few were able to guess correctly. The prize finally went to Mr. Marcus, who named ten correctly.

Prizes were also given to the three best disguised in the room. Miss Grace Ewing as an old witch, captured first prize, and Maxine Morris as a Chinaman won second, while Robert Bankston as a Scotch Highlander carried off third prize. There were several other interesting costumes notable among which was L. B. Dickerson as a Spanish Bull Fighter, Miss Eva McGinnis as Humpty Dumpty, a clown, and Mrs. Dickerson as a death head, she was garbed completely in black flowing robes with a grinning death head mask, which scared a lot of them. The witches cauldron in the center of the room brought forth many amusing toys, trinkets, etc. Everyone getting something by selecting a string and lifting out whatever was attached to the string. This scribe got a little red box of candy, the box was adorned with a black cat about the size of a small mouse, which now graces our desk.

"Hot Dog," coffee, and sandwiches were on sale and quite a neat sum was added to the proceeds from this feature. The carnival lasted until midnight and was voted the most enjoyable affair held here in a long while. Despite the terrible weather everybody got home all right, and to date we have heard of no bad results from the exposure to the weather.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Aycock, of Fremont, N. C., will be pleased to hear of the birth of a girl-baby to them on October 11th last. Mrs. Aycock was the popular Flora Ray before her marriage. The little angel has been christened Mary Louisa.—*Deaf Mississippi.*

Mr. and Mrs. Aycock will be remembered by many as the young couple who met and married during the Atlanta N. A. D. convention. Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Morgan are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine girl-baby at their home, which put in her appearance during the week of November first.

Mr. W. A. Willingham is the latest subscriber to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL at this place. He is a believer in taking deaf publications, as he also subscribed for the *Silent Worker* at the same time. Who next?

The Atlanta frats will hold a box supper on Thanksgiving evening, at Redmen Hall, benefit of their local fund. The Nadfrats will supply the boxes, which are all to be sold to highest bidder. Here in Atlanta there is one thing worthy of mention, and one in which our deaf take much pride, and it is the perfect co-operation which exists between the Frats and Nadfrats. Each organization takes turn about in helping each other, and since the Nadfrats started their building fund drive the frats have been exceptionally helpful in that. They give them the most desirable dates for affairs of all kinds, and have helped them in every way they could. Such harmonious co-operation is a thing to feel proud of, and is what helps Atlanta deafdom to accomplish things. We trust that it may always be thus. Co-operation, harmony and team work, is what counts in everything.

Mr. Frank Skelton has sold out his shoe repairing business at Cleveland, Ga., and moved to Atlanta and opened up a shop in Brookhaven, near the A. B. and A. Railway Station.

C. L. J.

ATLANTA, Nov. 10, 1925.

DETROIT.

The Detroit Catholic Association for the Deaf celebrated its 10th birthday, Sunday, October 25th, at St. Boniface School. This society is rising financially and socially speedily. A big crowd of all denominations turned out to do honor to the occasions. Everybody who attended enjoyed sweet cider, and a variety of cakes, made by the lady members, were served free. This delightful affair was ably managed by Mr. Alex. Lobsinger, John E. Crough, Len Laporte, Albert Seiss, Fred Bourcier, John and Peter Helers.

The lady committee composed of these enthusiastic workers in Catholic Society: Mrs. Wm. Rheiner, Mrs. L. Koehler, Mrs. A. Mahl, Mrs. C. Reidinger and Mrs. J. Helers. The D. A. C. D. will also hold a Harvest Masquerade at St. Boniface School, November 21st. A big crowd is expected.

Mrs. Ornstein with thirty friends swooped down on the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Jacobs and his wife a week ago. It was the 20th anniversary of their marriage. It was a successful and complete surprise party.

Mrs. Ivan Heymansson returned to the her liege lord after a month's visit in Tennessee. She attended the Tennessee School reunion.

Miss Hersden, an Indiana lass, has been employed at the National Biscuit Co., two months.

Paul Smith, of Toledo, O., is in the city, looking for a job. He is staying with his brother and wife.

Tony Blake and Philip Bedenar are two other football fans, who attended the U. of M. and U. of Ill. Football game at Auburn, Ill.

Harry Dundas, a deaf barber of Saginaw, Mich., dropped in to visit his and old friends.

Mrs. R. Hahn, the heroine of many operations, was sent to the U. of M. hospital from the Provident Hospital. After a short stay there she was returned to the Provident Hospital again. She is home now, enjoying a diet prescribed by the hospital.

Mrs. Marion Francis secured a divorce, and the right to use her maiden name, October 8th.

The mother of Severus Seppan, assistant treasurer of the D. A. D., arrived in Detroit last week. She will remain here, making her home with her son. Her home is in Atlantic Mine, Houghton Co., Mich. Severus hopes she will make her home here permanently.

Mrs. Linda Brimble, of Chicago, and an enthusiastic Episcopal Church and S. A. C. worker, is visiting her son and his wife here. She will return to Chicago after Thanksgiving Day. So far she has attended the N. F. S. D. Masquerade, the Ladies' Guild Bazaar, and the D. A. D. Mrs. Arthur Meck and Mrs. F. E. Ryan were former schoolmate and classmate in the Wisconsin School, and are doing their best to make her stay here a pleasant one. But her only thought is to be near her only son, Clinton, and his dear wife, as she calls her. They are living in one of Detroit's exclusive apartment houses.

Miss Violet Colby returned to her desk at the Morris Bank after a three weeks' visit with her mother and sister Ruth. Violet intends to resign from the bank soon, but has some misgivings about the bank officials accepting it, as she is a valuable asset to that institution. Her sister, Ruth, and her husband have bought a new home in Washington, D. C.

Miss Selma Schmidt visited Flint Saturday, the guest of Miss Florence Isham. She returned to her work Monday morning.

Mrs. Charlotte Pewter and her mother are now residents of Monrovia, Cal. Their stay will extend until spring time.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. J. McKeown, a young couple from Lewiston, Maine, are now permanent residents of Detroit. Mr. McKeown has secured a job at the River Rouge plant.

Mr. Schultz, of Flint, is another lucky one. He secured work at the River Rouge plant. He is boarding with Mrs. Mahl.

Miss Essie Edmonson and Miss Ruth Parke, of Toledo, were visitors at the D. A. D. Sunday.

Don't forget the date—November 28th. There will be a movie picture show and vaudeville at the D. A. D.

Charming Mrs. Dan. Whitehead, of Mt. Clemens, was among those seen at the N. F. S. D. masquerade. She was the guest of Mrs. Almond. Also Mrs. Adolph Kresin, and daughter, Florence, of Port Huron. They were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown. Mr. Kresin works in the Grand Trunk's shop and they secured a pass.

Herman Fritz is having an income bungalow built on his lot on Lakeview Avenue. It is near Mack. Another deaf home owner added to the ever growing list.

Mr. Japes and wife entertained a crowd of thirty friends at their new home in Grosse Pointe recently.

Mrs. Frank Smith, of Ypsilanti, was in town last week, shopping and spent some time with Mrs. J. J. Helers.

On December 5th, when all good men are at the Frat meeting, the ladies will have an old time spelling bee—and a guessing contest. It will be managed by Mrs. Lobsinger and Mrs. Behrendt.

Mr. Otto Buby, formerly of Flint, has promised to give us a good story, in his very best dramatic way, early in January. So keep an eye out for the exact date or you'll regret it all your life.

Clarence Kubisch and wife bought a new two family flat out at Fort Street, at 1092 Rademacher Avenue. The house is within walking distance of his dyeing and cleaning emporium.

F. E. RYAN
10222 John R. St.

PROTESTANT-EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.

Dioeceses of Washington, and the States of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. Henry J. Pulver, General Missionary, Caton Avenue, Alexandria, Va. Washington, D. C.—St. John's Parish Hall, 10th and H Streets, N. W. Services every Sunday, 11:15 A.M. Holy Communion, First Sunday of each month.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel and Beverley Streets. Service Second Sunday, 8 P.M. Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 A.M.

Norfolk, Va.—St. Luke's Church, Grady and Bate Streets. Services, Second Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Silent Mission, St. Matthew's Church. Services every Sunday, at 3:30 P.M.

Services by Appointment—Virginia: Lynchburg, Roanoke, Newport News, and Staunton, West Virginia: Parkersburg, Huntington, Charleston, Clarksburg, Fairmont and Romney.

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D., meets in Brooklyn N. Y., on the first Saturday on each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write: JOHN STIGLIABOTTI, Secretary, 182—01 Jamaica Avenue, Jamaica, L. I.

Manhattan Division, No. 87 NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY of the Deaf, meets at the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, 143 West 125th Street, New York City, first Monday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Max M. Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Inwood, New York.

Bronx Division, No. 92

Meets at Bronx Castle Hall, 149th Street and Walton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. On the first Friday of each month, write to Edward P. Bonvillian, Secretary, 1219 Wheeler Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc., 143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Second Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Max Miller, President; Joseph Mortiller, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB
ORGANIZED 1899
INCORPORATED 1900

4TH FLOOR, 61 WEST MONROE STREET, CHICAGO

Out-of-town Visitors are welcome to visit America's Deaf-Mute Premier Club.

Stated Meetings First Saturdays
Jesse A. Waterman President.
Gilbert O. Erickson, Secretary.

Literary Circle Fourth Saturdays
Dr. G. T. Dougherty, Chairman.

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions
Second and Third Saturdays

Address all communications in care of the Club. Rooms open: Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

The Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets at St. Mark's Church, 230 Adelphi Street, first Wednesday each month, at 8 P.M.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Nov. 21—Barn Dance
Dec. 26—Christmas Festival
Jan. 30—Apron and Necktie Party
Feb. 27—Social (Free)
March 27—Lecture
April 24—Card Party
May 30—Outing for the Guild
June 12—Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet's Birthday Anniversary

MRS. HARRY LEIBSOHN, Chairman
8657—18th Ave., Bath Beach.

SPACE RESERVED FOR

JERSEY CITY DIVISION, No. 91,

N. F. S. D.

GRAND BALL

Saturday, February 27, 1926

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Union services for deaf-mutes every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, conducted by Prof. J. A. Kennedy, at First Congregational Church, Hope and Ninth Streets. Entrance up the incline to north side door and upstairs to the Orchestra Room. Open to all denominations. Visiting deaf-mutes cordially welcome.

MASQUERADE BALL

to be held at

G. A. R. BUILDING (4th floor)

GRAND RIVER and CASS AVE.

for the welfare of

M. A. D. Detroit Chapter

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, NOV. 25, 1925

MUSIC AND REFRESHMENTS

ADMISSION, 50 CENTS

(Including Wardrobe)

Cash Prizes for Costumes

Dancing

AT

BAL MASQUE

TENDERED BY

Beth Israel Association of the Deaf

AT

Y. M. and Y. W. H. ASSOCIATION

Broad and Pine Streets

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, January 2, 1926

8 to 1

Music by University of Pennsylvania Collegians

ADMISSION, ONE DOLLAR

(Including Wardrobe)

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Yours respectfully,

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM.

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First Prize \$25.00 for Costume

Other Cash Prizes for Novel Costumes

SECOND ANNUAL

ADVERTISING BAL MASQUE

under auspices of

Manhattan Division, No. 87, N. F. S. D.

will be held at

Odd Fellows' Memorial Hall

301-309 Schermerhorn Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, November 21, 1925

MUSIC BY WASS' SYNCOPATORS

TICKETS (including wardrobe) ONE DOLLAR

How to Reach the Hall—Take Lexington or Seventh Avenues Subway to Nevins Street Station, and walk two blocks to the Hall.

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE

John N. Funk, Secretary I. Lovitch, Treasurer

A. C. Bechtel J. Larsen M. W. Loew

L. Weinberg Henry Plapinger Max Hoffman

M. O. Kremen C. Sussman Leopold Frey

Monster Athletic Meet and Dance

Under the Auspices of

Brooklyn Division No. 23

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

At the 69th REGIMENT ARMORY

LEXINGTON AVENUE, 25th to 26th STREETS, N. Y. CITY

Easy To Reach From Anywhere

1 Mile Relay; (Boys of Schools for the Deaf; silver cup)

Half-Mile Relay (Closed to Frat Divisions; silk banner)

100 Yards Dash; (Open to all; gold, silver, bronze medals)

1 Mile Run; (Open to all; gold, silver, bronze medals)

1 Mile Relay; (Open to Clubs; silver cup)

NO ENTRANCE FEE

Mail Entries to the Secretary of the Athletic Committee, Jack Seltzer, 65 Hinsdale Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 28, 1925

Games Start at 8 P. M. Sharp Music by the 69th Regt. Band

Admission - - One Dollar

HARRY J. POWELL, Chairman JOHN D. SHEA, Vice-Chairman

ALLAN HITCHCOCK, Treasurer

And a Committee of Twenty Members

You'll be Surprised!

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL

Masquerade and Fancy Dress Ball

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

Brooklyn Division, No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

AT THE

NEW K. of C. AUDITORIUM

Prospect Park West and Union Street, Brooklyn

Opposite Main Entrance to Prospect Park

CAPACITY 5,000

Saturday Evening, February 6, 1926

[Watch for Particular.]

PAUL DI ANNO, Chairman.

KEEP THIS DATE IN MIND!

32d ANNUAL DANCE

under auspices of

New Jersey Deaf-Mutes' Society, Inc.

AT

SCHARY MANOR

104 CLINTON AVE. NEWARK, N. J.

ON

Saturday, April 10th, 1926

WATCH FOR FULL PARTICULARS

ALBERT NEGER, Chairman.

BAZAAR

BY THE LADIES OF THE

Hebrew Association of the Deaf

Incorporated

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 9th

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10th

SATURDAY (1 to 12 p.m.) DECEMBER 12th

SUNDAY (1 to 12 p.m.) DECEMBER 13th

PROCEEDS FOR THE BUILDING FUND

TO BE HELD AT

PARK & TILFORD BUILDING

310 Lenox Avenue, near 125th Street

ADMISSION, - - - - - 10 CENTS

CHARITY BALL

auspices of the

Hebrew Association of the Deaf

to be held at

HUNT'S POINT PALACE

COR. SO. BOULEVARD AND 163D STREET

BRONX, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, January 30, 1926

MUSIC BY THE MIAMI ORCHESTRA

SUBSCRIPTION, - - - - - ONE DOLLAR

COMMITTEE

H. PLAPINGER, Chairman S. LOWENHERZ, Vice-Chairman

J. GOLOWENCHICK, Treasurer G. BERMAN, Secretary

J. SEANDEL D. POLINSKY S. PACHTER

B. MINTZ LESTER COHEN Mrs. M. KREMEN

MISS R. LOBEL MISS F. GOLDWASSER

DIRECTIONS—Take either Seventh or Lexington Avenue Bronx Subway to Simpson Street Station and walk two blocks east to Hall. Or Pelham Bay Subway to Hunt's Point Station, and walk one block to Hall.

COMMITTEE RESERVES ALL RIGHTS



Everybody is helped—
everybody should help!



Stamp Out Tuberculosis with this Christmas Seal

TUBERCULOSIS in this country is a threat against your health and that of your family. There are more than a million cases in this country today.

The germs from a single case of tuberculosis can infect whole families. No one is immune. The only sure escape is to stamp out the dread disease entirely. It can be stamped out. The organized work of the tuberculosis crusade has already cut the tuberculosis death rate in half. This work is financed by the sale of Christmas Seals.

Everybody is helped by this great work—and everybody should help in it. Let every member of your family stamp all Christmas parcels, letters and greeting cards with these able little warriors against disease. Everybody, everywhere, buy Christmas Seals—and buy as many as you can.

THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES

Whist Party

Given by

Bronx Division No. 92

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

at the

Park & Tilford Building